

3.

THE LATE,
And much admired Play,
CALLED
Pericles, Prince of
Tyre.

With the true Relation of the whole History, adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince.

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.



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to the public, and to the
public to the author.

11. *Varanus komodoensis* (Mertens)

17



THE HISTORY OF Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Enter Gower.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming mans infirmities,
To glad your care, and please your eyes;
It hath beene sung at Festivals,
On ember eves, and holi-dayes
And Lords and Ladies in their lives,
Have read it for restoratives:

The purchase is to make men glorious,

Et bonum quo antiquius eo melius:

If you, borne in these latter times,

When wits more ripe, accept my Rimes:

And that to heare an old man sing,

May to your wishes pleasure bring:

I life would wish, and that I might

Waste it for you like Taper-light.

This *Antioch*, then, *Antiochus the great*,

Built up this Citie for his chiefest seate;

The fairest in all *Syria*.

I tell you what mine Authors say:

This King unto him tooke a Peere,

Who died, and left a female heire,

So bucksome, blithe, and full of face,

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

As heaven had lent her all his grace :
with whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to incest did provoke :
Bad childe, worse father, to entice his owne.
To evill should be done by none :
But custome, what they did begin,
Was with long-use, accounted no sinne,
The beauty of this sinfull Dame,
Made many Princes the other frame,
To seeke her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleasures, play-fellow :
Whiche to prevent he made a Law,
To keepe her still, and men in awe,
That who so askt her for his wife,
His Riddle told not, lost his life :
So for her many of weight did die,
As yon grim lookes do testifie.

What ensues to the judgement of your eye,
I give my cause, who best can justifie.

Exit.

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Yong Prince of Tyre, you have at large received
The danger of the taske you under-take.

Per. I have (Antiochus) and with a soule emboldned
With the glory of her praise, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprize.

Ant. Musick bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride
For embracements, even of Jove himselfe ;
At whose conception, till *Lucina* reigned,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The Senate house of Planets all did fit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter Antiochus Daughter.

Per. See where she comes, appareld like the Spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the King,
Of every vertue gives reawne to men ;

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Her face the booke of praises, where is read,
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence,
Sorrow were ever rackt, and teyl y wrath
Could never be her milde companion.

You gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have enflam'd desire in my brest,
To taste the fruit of yon celestiall tree,
(Or die in the adventure) be my helpes,
As I am sonne and servant to your will,
To compasse such a bondlesse happinesse.

Anti. Prince Pericles.

Per. That would be sonne to great *Antiochus*.

Anti. Before thee stands this faire *Hepperides*,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be toucht :
For death like Dragons here affright thee hard,
Her face like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countlesse glory, which desert must gaine :
And which without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all the whole heape must die,
Yon sometimes famous Princes like thy selfe,
Drawne by report, adventurons by desire,
Tell thee with speechlesse tongues, and semblance pale,
That without covering, save yon field of starres,
Here they stand martyrs, slaine in *Cupids* warres :
And with dead cheeke advise thee to desist,
For going on deaths net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus I thanke thee, who hath taught
My fraile mortality to know it selfe,
And by those fearfull objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must :
For death remembred, shoulde be like a Myrrour,
Who tels us life's but breath, to trust it errot :
Ile make my will then, and as sicke men doe,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joyes, as erst they did ;
So I bequeathe a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every Prince should do :

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

My riches to the earth from whence they came :
But my unspotted fire of Love to you,
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I waite the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)
Scorning advice ; read the conclusion then :
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As these before, thou thy selfe shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all said yet, thou prove prosperous,
Of all said yet, I wish thee happinesse,
Per. Like a bold Champion I assume the Listes,
Nor aske advice of any other thought,
But faithfulness and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feede
On mothers flesh which did me breed :
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindnesse in a father.
Hee's father, sonne, and husband milte,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his childe ;
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharpe physicke is the last ; but O you powers !
That gives heaven countlesse eyes to view mens acts,
Why could they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to reade it,
Faire glasse of light, I lov'd you and could still,
Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with ill :
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
That knowing sinne within, will touch the gate :
You are a faire Vyoll, and your fencse the strings,
Who fingerd to make man his lawfull musicke,
Would draw heaven downe, and all the gods to heauen,
But being plaid upon before your time,
Hell onely danceth at so harsh a chime.

Good

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Good sooth, I care not for yon.

Ant. Prince *Pericles*, touch not upon thy life,
For that's an article within our Law,
As dangerous as the rest : your times expirde
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Peri. Great King,

Few love to heare the sinnes they love to act,
T'would braid your selfe too neare for me to tell it ;
Who hath a booke of all that Monarchs do,
Hee's more secure to keepe it shut, then shewne :
For vice repeated, is like the wandring winde,
Blowes dust in others eyes, to spread it selfe ;
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see cleare.
To stop the aire would hurt them, the blinde Mole cast
Copt hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppression, and the poore worme doth die for't.
Kings are earths gods : in vice their law's their will,
And if *Love* stray, who dares say, *Love* doth ill.
It is enough you know, and it is fit ;
What being more knowne, growes worse to smother it.
All love the wombe that their being bred,
Then give my tongue leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven that I had it ; he has found the meaning,
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
Though by the tenour of your strict edict,
Your exposition mis-interpreting,
We might proceede to counsell of your dayes ;
Yet hope, succeeding from so faire a tree.
As your faire selfe, doth tune us otherwise :
Fortie dayes longer we doe respite you,
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shewes, wee'l joy in such a sonne :
And until then, your entertaine shall be
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

Exe.

Manet Pericles solus.

Per. How courtesie would seeme to cover sinne,

When

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight,
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certaine you were not so bad,
As with foule Incest to abuse your soule :
Where now you both a father and a sonne,
By your untimely claspings with your childe,
(Which pleasures fits an husband, not a father)
And she an eater of her mothers flesh)
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like Serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest floures, yet they poyson breed.
Antioch farewell, for wisedome sees those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shew no course to keepe them from the light :
One sinne (I know) another doth provoke ;
Murder's as neare to lust, as flame to smoake :
Poyson and treason are the hands of sinne,
I, and the Targets to put off the shame,
Then least my life be cropt to keepe you cleare,
By flight Ile shun the danger which I feare.

Exi.

Enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to have his head,
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world *Antiochus* doth sinne
In such a loathed manner.
And therefore instantly this Prince must die,
For by his fall, my honour must keepe hie.
Who attends us there ?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highnesse call ?

Ant. Thaliard, you are of our Chamber,
And our minde partakes her private actions
To your secretie ; and for your faithfulnessse
We will advance you *Thaliard* :

Behold

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Behold, heer's poyson and heer's gold,
We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him,
It fits thee not to aske the reason why?
Because we bid it: say is it done?

Thal. My Lord, tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough. Let your breath coole your selfe, telling your
haste.

Mess. My Lord Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt live flye after, and like an arrow shot from
a well experient Archer hits the marke, his eye doth levell it: so
do thou never returne, unlesse thou say, Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my pistols length, I'll
make him sure enough: so farewell to your highnesse.

Ant. Thaliard adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head.

Exit.

Enter Pericles with his Lords.

Per. Let none disturbance us:
Why shoulde this change of thoughts,
The sad companion dull-eyde melancholy,
By me so used, a guest as not an houre,
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,
The toombe where griefe should sleepe, can breed me quiet,
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger which I feared, is at *Antioch*,
Whose arme seemes farre too short to hit me here,
Yet ne ither pleasures art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the others distance comfort me:
Then it is thus, that passions of the minde,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but feare, what might be done,
Growes elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me; the great *Antiochus*,
Gaint whom I am to little to contend,

B

Since

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Since hee's so great, can make his will his act,
Will thinke the speaking though I sweare to silence,
Nor bootes it me to say I honour,
If he suspect I may dishonour him.

And what may make him blush in being knowne,
Hee'l stop the course by which it might be knowne,
With hostile forces hee'l ore-spread the land,
And with the stink of warre will looke so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state :
Our men be vanquisht, ere they doe resist,
And subiects punish't, that never thought offence,
Which care of them, not pitty of my selfe,
Who once no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the rootes they grow by, and defend them,
Makes both my body pine, and soule to languish,
And punish that before that he would parish.

1. *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your sacred breast.

2. *Lord.* And keepe your minde till ye returne to uspeā cefull
and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue :
They doe abuse the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellowes blowes up sinne,
The thing the which is flattered, but a sparke,
To which that sparke gives heart and stronger glowing,
Whereas reprooche obedient and in order,
Fits Kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When Signior sooth here doth proclaine peace,
He flatters you, makes warre upon your life.
Prince pardon me, or strike me if you please,
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else : but let your care's ore-looke
What shippings, and what ladings in our Haven,
And then returne to us : *Hellicanus* thou haft
Moov'd us : what seest thou in our looks ?

Hell. An angry brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in Princes frownes,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face ?

Hell.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Hell. How dares the planets looke up to heaven, -
From whence they have their nourishment?

Per. Thou knowest I have power to take thy life from thee.

Hell. I have ground the axe my selfe,
Doe you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prethee rise, sit downe, thou art no flatterer;
I thanke thee for it, and heaven forbid,
That Kings should let their eares heare their faults hid.
Fit Councillor, and servant for a Prince,
Who by thy wisedome makes a Prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me doe?

Hell. To beare with patience such griefes,
As you your selfe doe lay upon your selfe.

Per. Thou speakest like a Physician, *Hellicanus*,
That ministers a potion unto me,
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thy selfe.
Attend me then; I went to *Ansioch*,
Whereas thou knowest (against the face of death)
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are armes to Princes, and bring joyes to Subjects:
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The rest (harke in thine eare) as blacke as incest,
Which by my knowledge found the sinfull father,
Seem'd not to strike, but smoothe: But thou knowest this,
Tis time to feare, when tyrants seeme to kisse,
Which feare so grew in me I hither fled
Vnder the hovering of a carefull night,
Who seem'd my good Protector: and being here,
Bethought what was past, what might succeede;
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants feare
Decrease not, but grow faster than the yeare:
And shoulde he thinke, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening ayre,
How many worthy Princes blould were shed,
To keepe his bed of blacknesse unlaid ope,
To lop that doabt, hee'll fill this land with armes,

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feele warres blow, who feares not innocence :
Which love to all, of which thy selfe art one,
Who now reprovest me for it.

Hell. Alasse sir.

Per. Drew sleepe out of mine eyes, bloud from my cheeke,
Musings in my minde, with thousand doubts
How I might stop their tempest ere it came,
And finding little comfort to releve them,
I thought it princely charitie to grieve for them.

Hell. Well my Lord, since you have given me leave to speake,
Freely will I speake, *Antiochus* you feare,
And justly too I thinke you feare the tyrant,
Who either by publike warre, or private treason,
Will take away your life : therefore my Lord, goe travell for a
while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Destinies
do cut his thread of life : your Rule direct to any, if unto me, day
serves not light more faithfull than Ile be.

Per. I doe not doubt thy faith,
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence ?

Hell. Wee'l mingle our blouds together in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharsus* :
Intend my travaile, where Ile heare from thee ;
And by whose Letters Ile dispose my selfe,
The care I had and have of subjects good,
On thee I lay, whose wisedomes strength can beare it,
Ile take thy word for faith not aske thine oath,
Who shuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbes we live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall neere convince,
Thou shewest a subjects shine, I a true Prince.

Exit.

Enter *Thaliard solus.*

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, here mast I kill
King *Pericles*, and if I doe it not, I am sure to be hanged at home :

it

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

it is dangerous.

Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to aske what he woulde of the King, desired hee might know none of his secrets. Now doe I see he had some reason for it: for if a King bid a man be a villain, hee is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.

Hush! here comes the Lords of Tyre.

*Enter Hellicanus, Escanes, with other
Lords of Tyre.*

Hell. You shall not need, my fellow-Peeres of Tyre, further to question me of your Kings departure: his sealed Commission left in trust with me, doth speake sufficiently, hee's gone to travell.

Thal. How? the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will be satisfied, (why as it were unlicenc'd of your loves) he would depart? Ile give some light unto you: Being at *Antioch*.

Thal. What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royal *Antiochus* (on what cause I know not) took some displeasure at him, at least he judged so: and doubting that hee had erred or sinned, to shew his sorrow, he would correct himselfe; so puts himselfe unto the ship-mans toyle, with whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive I shall not be hanged now, although I would, but since hee's gone, the Kings Seas must please: hee scapte the Land, to perish at the Sea: Ile present my selfe, Peace to the Lords of Tyre.

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with message unto Princely *Pericles*; but since my landing, I have understood, your Lord hath beooke himselfe to unknowne travailles, my message must retorne from whence it came.

Hell. We have no reason to desire it, commended to our Master, not to us, yet ere you shall depart, this we desire as friends to *Antioch*, we may feast in *Tyre*.

Exeunt.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Enter Cleon the Governor of Tharsus, with his wife and others.

Cleon. My Dionisia, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others grieves,
See if t'will teach us to forget our owne?

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hills because they doe aspire,
Throwes downe one Mountaine to cast up a higher:
O my distressed Lord, even such our grieves are,
Here they are but felt, and seene with mischieves eies,
But like to Groves being topt, they higher rise.

Cleon. O Dionisia,
Who wanteth foode, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrowes doe sound deepe:
Our woes into the ayre, our eyes to weepe,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heaven slumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers to comfort them.
Ile then discourse our woes felt severall yeares,
And wanting breath to speake, helpe me with teares.

Dion. Ile doe my best Sir.

Cleon. This Tharsus, ore which I have the government,
A City, on whom plenty held full hand:
For riches strewd her selfe even in the streetes,
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kist the clouds,
And strangers nere beheld, but wondered at,
Whose men and dames so jettred and adorn'd,
Like one anothers glasse to trim them by:
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feede on as delight,
All poverty was scornd, and pride so great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeate.

Dion. Oh tis true.

Cleon. But see what heaven can doe by this our change:

These

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

These mouthes, who but of late, earth, sea, and ayre,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance ;
As houses are defilde for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise ;
Those pallats, who not yet to favers yonger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it :
Those mothers, who to nouzell up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eate those little darlings whom they loved,
So sharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life.
Here stands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping,
Here many finke, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them buriall.
Is not this true ?

Dion. Our cheeke and hollow eyes do witnesse it.

Cleon. O let those Cities that of plenties cup,
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous ryots heare these teares,
The Misery of *Tharsus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the Lord Governor ?

Cleon. Here, speake out thy sorrowes, which thou bring'st in
haste, for comfort is too farre for us to expect.

Lord. We have desried upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sayle of ships make hitherward.

Cleon. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings ~~in~~ heyre,
That may succeed as his inheritour :
And so in ours ; some neighbouring Nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
That stuft the hollow vessels with their power,
To beate us downe, the which are downe already,
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory is got to overcome.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Lord. That's the least feare,
For by the semblance of their white flags displaid, they bring us
peace, and come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cleon. Thou speakest like hywmes, untuter'd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest shew, meanes most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What neede we feare, the ground's the lowest,
And we are halfe way there: Goe tell their Generall we attend
him here to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, and
what he craves.

Lord. I goe my Lord.

Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If warres we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Governor, for so we heare you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be like a Beacon fired, to amaze your eyes,
We have heard your miseries as farre as *Tyre*,
And seene the desolation of your streetes,
Nor come we to adde sorrow to your teares,
But to release them of their heavie load,
And these our ships, you happily may thinke,
Are like the Trojan horse, was stuft within
With bloody veines expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corne, to make your needy bread,
And give them life, whom hunger starv'd halfe dead.

Omnes. The gods of Greece protest you,
And wee'l pray for you.

Per. Arise I pray you, arise; we doe not looke for reverence,
but for love and harborage for our selfe, our ships, and men.

Cleon. The which when any shall not gratifie,
Or pay you with unthankefulnesse in thought.
Be it our wives, our children, or our selves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils t
Till when, the which (I hope) shall nere be seene:
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and us.

Per.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Per. Which welcome wee'l accept, feast here a while,
Vntill our Stars that frowne, lend us a smile. *Exeunt*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Here have you seene a mighty King,
His childe I wis to incest bring :
A better Prince and benigne Lord,
That will prove awfull both in deed and word,
Be quiet then as men shoule be,
Till he hath past necessity :
Ile shew you those in troubles raigne,
Losing a myte, a Mountaine gaine :
The good in conversation,
To whom I give my benizon,
Is still at Tharsus, wher each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can :
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statue to make him glorious :
But tidings to the contrary,
Are brought t'your eyes, what neede speake I.

Dumbe Shew.

Enter at one doore Pericles talking with Cleon, all the Traine with
them : Enter at another doore, a Gentleman with a letter to Pe-
rioles ; Pericles shewes the letter to Cleon, Pericles gives the
Messenger a reward, and Knights him.

Exit Pericles at one doore, and Cleon at another.

Good Hellican that staid at home,
Not to eate hony like a Drone,
From others labours ; for though he strivē
To killen bad, keepe good alive :
And to fulfill his Princes desire,
Sav'd one of all that haps in Tyre :
How Thaliard came full bent with sinne,
And had intent to murder him ;
And that in Tharsis was not best,
Longer for him to make his rest :

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

He doing so, put foorth to Seas;
Where when men bin, there's seldomē easē,
For now the windē begins to blow,
Thunder above, and deepes below,
Makes such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wrackt and split,
And he (good Prince) having all lost,
By waves from coalt is tost :
All perishen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought escapan'd but himselfe ;
Till fortune tired with doing bad,
Threw him a shore to give him glad :
And here he comes ; what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower, this long's the Text.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry Stars of heaven,
Winde, Raine, and Thunder : Remember earthly man
Is but a substance that must yeld to you :
And I (as fits my nature) doe obey you.
Alas the Seas hath cast me on the Rockes,
Washt me from shore to shore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but ensuing death :
Let it suffice the greatnessie of your powers,
To have bereft a Prince of all his fortunes,
And having throwne you from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all hee'l crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1. What, to pelch ?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What patch-breech, I say.
3. What say you, Master ?
1. Looke how thou stirest now.
Come away, or ile fetch thee with a wannion.
3. Faith Master, I am thinking of the poore men
That were cast away before us, even now :

I. Alas

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

1. Alas poore soules, it grieved my heart to heare
What pittifull cryes they made to us, to helpe them,
When (welladay) we could scarcely helpe our selves.
3. Nay Master, said not I as much,
When I saw the Porpas, how he bounst and tumbled?
They say, they are halfe fish, halfe flesh:
A plague on them, they nere come but I looke to be washt.
Master, I marvell how the fishes live in the Sea?

1. Why as men doe a Land,
The great ones eat up the little ones:
I can compare our rich Misers, to nothing so fitly
As to a Whale; plaies and tumbles,
Driving the poore Fry before him,
And at last devoure them all at a mouthfull.
Such Whales have I heard on a th land,
Who never leave gaping, till they swallowed
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Bells and all.

Per. A pretty Morall.

3. But Master, if I had beene the Sexton,
I would have beene that day in the Belfrey.

2. Why man?

3. Because he should have swallowed me too.
And when I had beene in his belly,
I would have kept such a jangling of the bals,
That he should never have left,
Till he cast Bals, Steeple, Church and Parish up again:
But if the good King Simonides were of my minde,

Per. Simonides?

3. We would purge the Land of these Drones,
That rob the Bee of her honey.

Per. How from the fenny subject of the sea,
These fishers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watery Empire recollect,
All that may men approve, or men detest,
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2. Honest, good fellow, what's that, if it be a day fits you,
Search out of the Kalender, and no body look after it?

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Per. May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.

2. What a drunken knave was the sea,
To cast thee in our way.

Per. A man whom both the waters and the windē,
In that vast Tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play upon, intreats you pity him :
He asks of you, that never usde to beg.

1. No friend, cannot you beg ?

Heer's them in our Country of *Greece*,
Gets more with begging, than we can doe with working.

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then ?

Per. I never practiz'd it.

2. Nay then thou wilt starve sure ; for heere's nothing
to be got now-adayes, unlesse thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have beene, I have forgot to know ;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on :
A man throngd up with cold, my veines are chill,
And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heate to aske your helpe :
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

2. Die ke-tha, now gods forbid, I have a gowne heere, come
put it on, keepe thee warme : now afore me a handsome fellow :
Come, thou shalt goe home, and wee'l have flesh for all day, fish
for fasting dayes and more ; or Puddings and Flap-jacks, and
thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you sir.

2. Hearke you, my friend, You said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2. But crave ? then Ile turne craver too,
And so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggers whipt then ?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all : for if all your beggers were
whipt, I would wish no better office, than to be Beadle. But Ma-
ster, Ile goe draw the Net.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labours ?

2. Hearke you sir, doe you know where ye are ?

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Per. Not well.

I. I tell you, this is called *Pantapoles*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good King *Symonides* doe you call him?

I. I sir, and he deserves so to be call'd,
For his peaceable raigne, and good government.

Per. He is a happy King, fince he gaines from
His Subjects, the name of good, by his government.
How farre is his Court distant from this shore?

I. Marry sir halfe a dayes journey: and Ile tell you, he hath a
faire daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day, and there are
Princes and Knights come from all parts of the world, to lust
and Turney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires,
I could wish to make one there.

I. O sir, things must be as they may: and what a man
cannot get, he may lawfully deale for his wives foule.

Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing up a Net.

2. Helpe, Master, helpe, heere's a fish hangs in the Net, like a
poore mans right in the law, twill hardly come out. Ha bote
on't, tis come at last, and tis turnd to a rusty Armour.

Per. An Armour, friends, I pray you let me see it.
Thankes Fortune, yet that after all crosies,
Thou givest me somewhat to repaire my selfe:
And though it was mine own part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeathe me,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life:
Keefe it, my *Pericles*, it hath beene a shield
Twixt me and death: and pointed to this Brayse:
For that it saved me; keefe it in like necessity:
The which the gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee:
It kept where I kepr, I so dearely loved it,
Till the rough Seas (that spares not any man)
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd hath given't againe:
I thanke thee for't, my shipwrack now's no ill;
Since I have here my fathers gift in's will.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

1. What meane you sir?

Per. To beg of you (kinde friends) this coate of worth,
For it was sometime Target to a King,
I know it by this marke: he loved me dearely,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it:
And that you'd guide me to your Soveraignes Court,
Where with it I may appeare a Gentleman:
And if that ever my low fortune's better,
Ile pay your bounties; till then rest your debter.

1. Why wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Per. Ile shew the vertue I have borne in Armes.

1. Why take it, and the gods give thee good an't

2. But hearke you my friend, t' was we that made up this garment through the rough seames of the waters: there are certaine condolements, certaine vailes; I hope sir, if you thrive, you'l remember from whence you had them.

Per. Beleeve it I will:

By your furtherance I am cloathd in Steele,
And spight of all the rupture of the sea,
This Iewell holds his building on my arme:
Vnto thy value I will mount my selfe,
Vpon a Courser, whose delight steps,
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread;
Onely (my friend) I yet am unprovided of a paire of Bascs.

2. Wee'l sure provide, thou shalt have

My best gowne to make thee a paire;
And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.

Per. Then honour me but a Goale to my will,
This day Ile rise, or else adde ill to ill.

Enter Simonides with attendants, and Thaifa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Triumph?

1. *Lord.* They are my Liege, and stay your comming,
To present themselves,

King. Returne them, we are ready, and our daughter here,
In honour of whose birth, these triumphs are,
Sirs here like beauties childe, whom Nature gat,

For

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

Thas. It pleaseth you (my royall father) to expresse
My commendations great, whose merits lesse.

King. It's fit it should be so ; for Princes are
A modell which heauen makes like it selfe :
As Jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So Princes their Renownes if not respected :
Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine
The labour of each Knight, in his device.

Thas. Which to preserve mine honour, Ile performe.

The first Knight passes by.

King. Who is the first, that doth preferre himselfe ?

Thas. A Knight of Sparta (my renowned father)
And the device he beares upon his shield,
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne ;
The word ; *Lux tua vita mibi.*

King. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

The second Knight.

Who is the second, that prefents himselfe ?

Thas. A Prince of Macedon (my royall Father)
And the device he beares upon his Shield,
Is an armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady.
The Motto thus in Spanish. *Pue Per dole r akee per forsa.*

The third Knight.

King. And what's the third ?

Thas. The third of Antioch ; and his device,
A wreath of Chivalry : the word, *Me Pompey provexit apex.*

The fourth Knight.

King. What is the fourth ?

Thas. A burning Torch that's turned upside downe ;
The word ; *Qui me alit me extinguit.*

King. Which shewes that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.

The fift Knight.

Thas. The fift, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold, that's by the touch-stone tried :

The

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

The Motto thus : *Sic spectanda fides.*

The first Knight.

King. And what's the sixt and laft, the which the Knight himſelfe with ſuch a gracefull courteſie delivered?

Thas. He ſeemeſ to be a ſtranger: but his Preſent is

A withered Branch, that's onely greene at top;

The Motto, *In hac ſpe vivo.*

King. A pretty mortall; from the dejected ſtate wherein hee is, he-hopeſ by you his fortunes yet may flouriſh.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better than his outward ſhew can any way ſpeake in his juſt commend: For by his rufy outſide, he appeareſ to have practiſed more the Whiſtlocke, than the Lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a ſtranger, for he comes to an honord triumph ſtrangely furniſht.

3. *Lord.* And on ſet purpose let his armour rufte
Vntill this day, to ſcōwre it in the duf.

King. Opinion's but a foole, that makes us ſcan
The outward ha bite, by the inward man.
But ſtay, the knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallery.

Great ſhoutes, and all cry, The meane Knight.

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to ſay you'r-welcome, were ſuperfluouſ:
I place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a Title page, your worth in armes;
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in ſhew commends it ſelfe:
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feaſt.
You are Princes and my guests.

Thas. But you my Knight and guest,
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crowne you King of this dayes happineſſe.

Per. Tis more by fortune (Lady) than by merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And heere, I hope, is none that enuioſe it:

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

In framing an Artist, Art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you her laboured scholler : come Queene of th'feast,
For (daughter) so you are, here take your place :
Martiall the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honoured much by good *Simonides.*

King. Your presence glads our dayes, honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. Knight. Contend not sir, for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envie the great, nor doe the low despise.

You are right courteous Knights.

King. Sit, sit, sit,

By *Love* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
These Cates resist me, he not thought upon.

Thas. By *Iuno* (that is *Queene of Marriage*)
All Viands that I eate doe seeme unsavory.

Wishing him my meate : sure he is a gallant gentleman.

King. Hee's but a country gentleman : has done no more
Than other Knights have done, has broken a staffe,
Or so : let it passe.

Thas. To me he seemes Diamond to Glasse.

Per. Yon King's to me, like to my fathers picture,
Which tels me in that glory once he was,
And Princes sat like stars about his Throne,
And lie the Sunne, for them to reverence ;
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his supremacy ;
Where now his sunne like a Glo-worme in the night,
The which hath fire in darknesse, none in light :
Whereby I see that time's the King of men,
For hee's their Parents, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

King. What, are you merry Knights ?

Knights. Who can be other in this royll presence ?

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

King. Heere, with a cup that's starr'd unto the brim,
As you doe love, fill to your Mistresse lips,
We drinke this health to you.

Knight. We thanke your Grace.

King. Yet pause a while; yon Knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainement in our Court,
Had not a shew might countervale his worth :
Note it not you, *Thaisa* ?

Thaisa. What is't to me my father ?

King. O attend my daughter,
Princes in this, shoulde live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes to honour them ;
And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,
Which make a sound, but kild, are wondered at :
Therefore to make his enterauage more sweet,
Heere, say we drinke this standing boale of wine to him.

Thaisa. Alas my father, it befits not me,

Vnto a stranger Knight to be so bold,

He may my proffer take for an offence,

Since men take wemens gifts for impudencē.

King. How ? doe as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thaisa. Now by the gods, he could not please me better.

King. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and Parentage.

Thaisa. The King my fathet (sir) hath dranke to you.

Per. I thanke him.

Thaisa. Wishing it so much bladd unto your life,

Per. I thanke both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thaisa. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentle man of Tyre, my name *Pericles*,
My education beene in Arts and Armes.

Who looking for adventures in the world,

Was by the rough seas rest of ships and men,

And after ship-wrecke, driven upon this shore.

Thaisa. He thankes your Grace ; names himselfe *Pericles*,
A gentleman of Tyre, who onely by misfortune of the seas,

Bereft.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Bereft of ships and men, cast on the shore,
King. Now by the gods I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels,
Even in your armours as you are address,
Will well become a Souldiers dance :
I will not have excuse, wch saying that
Lowd musicke is too harsh for Ladies heads,
Since they love men in Armes, as well as beds.

They dance.

So, this was well asked, t' was so well performid,
Come sir, heere's a Lady that wants breathing too :
And I have heard you Knights of Tyre,
Are excellent in making Ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are (my Lord)
King. O that's as much, as you would be denied
Of your faire courtesie : unclasp, unclasp.

They dance.

Thankes gentlemen to all ; all have done well,
But you the best : Pages and Lights, to conduct
These Knights unto their severall Lodgings :
Yours sir, we have given order be next our owne.

Per. I am at your Graces pleasure.

King. Princes, it is too late to talke of love,
And that's the marke I know you levell at :
Therefore each one betake him to his rest,
To morrow, all for speeding doe their best.

Enter Hellicanes and Escanes.

Hell. No Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free :
For which the most high gods not minding
Longer to with-hold the vengeance that
They had in store, due to this haynous
Capitall offence ; even in the height and pride

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Of all his glory, when he was seated in
A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter
With him ; a fire from heaven came and shriveld
Vp those bodies even to loathing, for they so stunkē,
That all those eyes addor'd them ere their fall,
Scorne now their hand should give them buriall.

Escanes. It was very strange.

Hell. And yet but justice ; for though this King were great,
His greatnesse was no guard to barre heavens shaft,
By sinne had his reward.

Escan. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or counsell, hath respect with him but he.

2. *Lord.* It shall no longer greeve without reproofe.

3. *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.

1. *Lord.* Follow me then : Lord *Hellican*, a word.

Hell. With me ? and welcome, happy day my Lords.

1. *Lord.* Know that our grieses are risen to the top,
And now at length they over-flow their bankes.

Hell. Your grieses, for what ?

Wrong not your Prince you love.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not your selfe then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince doe live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath :
If in the world he live, wee'l seeke him out :
If in his grave he rest, wee'l finde him there,
And be resolv'd, he lives to governe us :
Or dead, give's cause to morne his Funerall,
And leave us to our free Election.

2. *Lord.* Whose death indeed: the strongest in our censure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine : your noble selfe,
That best knowes how to rule and how to raigne.
We thus sybmit unto our Soveraigne,

Onnes.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Omnis. Live noble Hellican.

Hell. Try honours cause ; forbear your suffrages ;
If that you love Prince *Pericles*, forbear,
(Take I your wish, I leape into the seas,
Where's hourelly trouble, for a minutes ease)
A twelve-moneth longer, let me entreat you,
To forbear the absence of your King ;
If in which time expirde, he not returne,
I shall with aged patience beare your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Goe search like Nobles, like noble Subjects,
And in your search spend your adventrous worth,
Whom if you finde, and winne unto returne,
You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crowne.

1. *Lord.* To wisedome, hee's a foole that will not yeeld,
And since *Lord Hellican* enjoyneth us,
We with our travells will endevor.

Hell. Then you love us, we you, and wee'l claspē hands,
When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome ever stands.

Exit.

Enter the King reading of a Letter, at one doore,
and the Knights meeet him.

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Simonides*.

King. Knights, from my daughter, this I let you know,
That for this twelve-month, sheel'l not undertake
A married life : her reason to her selfe is onely knowne,
Which from her by no meanes can I get.

2. *Knight* May we not get acceso to her (my Lord)

King. Faith by no meanes, she hath so strictly
Tyed her to her Chamber, that tis impossible :
One twelve Moones more shet'l weare *Dianes* livery :
This by the eye of *Cynthia* hath shce vowed,
And on her Virgin honour will not breake.

3. *Knight.* Loth to, bid farewell, we take our leaves. *Exi.*

King. So, they are well dispatcht,
Now to my daughters Letter ; she telz me here,
Sheel wed the stronger Knight,

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Or never more to view nor day nor light.
Tis well Mistris, your choise agrees with mine,
I like that well : nay how absolute shee's in it,
Not minding whither I dislike or no.
Well, I doe commend her choise, and will no longer
Have it be delayed ; soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortunes to the good Simonides.

King. To you as much : Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your sweet-musicke this last night :
I doe protest, my eares were never better fed
With such delightfull pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your Graces pleasure to command,
Not my desert.

King. Sir, you are Musickes Master.

Per. The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord).

King. Let me aske you one thing ;
What doe you thinke of my daughter, sir ?

Per. A most vertuous Princesse.

King. And shee's faire too, is she not ?

Per. As a faire day in Summer, wondrous faire.

King. Sir, my Daughter thinkes very well of you,
I so well, that you must be her Master,
And shee will be your Scholler, therefore looke to it.

Per. I am unworthy to be her Schoole-master.

King. She thinkes not so ; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's heere a letter, that she loves the Knight of Tyre ?
Tis the Kings subtily to have my life :
Oh, seeke not to intrap me gracious Lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aimed so hie, to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

King. thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.

Per. By the gods have not ; never did thought

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Of my levy offence ; nor never did my actions
Yet commence, a deed might gaine her love,
Or your displeasure.

King. Traitor, thou lyest.

Per. Traitor ?

King. I, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat, unless it be a King,
That calls me traitor, I returne the lie.

King. Now by the gods I doe applaud his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relisht of a base discent :
I came unto your Court for honours cause,
And not to be a Rebell to her state :
And he that otherwise accountes of me,
This sword shall proove, hee's honours enemy.

King. No ? here comes my daughter, she can witnesse it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then as you are as verious, as faire,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did ere solicite, or my hand subscribe
To any sillable that made love to you ?

Thaisa. Why sir, if you had, who takes offence,
At that would make me glad ?

King. Yea Mistris, are you so peremptory ?
I am glad of it with all my heart,
Ile tame you, Ile bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections,
Vpon a stranger ? who for ought I know,
May be (nor can I think the contrary)
As great in bloud as I my selfe.

Afide.

Therefore heare you mistresse, either frame
Your will to mine ; and you sir, heare you,
Either be rul'd by me, or Ile make you
Man and wife ; nay, come your hands
And lips must seal it too : and being joyned,

Afide.

Ties

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further griefe,
God give you joy ; what are you both pleated ?

Thais. Yes, if you love me sir.

Per. Even as my life, or bloud that fosters it.

King. What are you both agroed ?

Amb. Yes, if it please your Majesty.

King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed.

Enter Gower.

Now ysleepe slaked hath the rour,
No din but snores about the house,
Made lowder by the ore-fe beast,
Of this most pompous marriage feast :
The Cat with eyne of burning coale,
Now couches from the Mouses hole ;
And Cricket sing at the Ovens mouth,
Are the blither for their drouth :
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Where by the losse of mayden-head,
A babe is moulded, by attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in shew, Ile plaine with speech.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one doore with attendants, a messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter. Pericles shewes it Simonides, the Lords kneele to him; then enter Thaysa with child, with Lychorida a Nurse, the King shewes her the Letter, she rejoices : she and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart.

By many a dearne and painefull pearch
Of Pericles, the carefull search,
By the foure opposing Crignes,
Which the world together joynes.
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and saile, and high expence,
Can stede the quest at last from Tyre,

Fame

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Fame answering the most strange enquire,
To't Court of King *Symonides*,
Are letters brought, the tenour these :
Antiochus and his daughter's dead,
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
Of *Hellicanus* would set on
The crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none ;
The mutany, he there hastes t' oppresse,
Says to them, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twice six Moones,
He obedient to their doomes
Will take the Crowne : the sum of this
Brought hither to *Pentapolis*,
Irony shed the Regions round,
And every on with claps can found,
Our heyre apparant is a King :
Who dreamp't & who thought of such a thing ?
Briefe, he must hence depart to *Tyre*,
His Queene with childe, makes her desire,
Which who shall crossie along to goe,
Omit we all their dale and woe :
Lychorida her Nurse she takes,
And so to sea : then vessell shakes,
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the floud,
Hath their Keele cut : but fortune mov'd
Varies againe, the grisee North
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That as a Ducke for life that drives,
So up and downe the poore ship dives :
The Lady shreekes, and well-a-neere,
Doth fall in travaile with her feare :
And what ensues in this selfe storme :
Shall for it selfe, it selfe performe :
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convay ;
Which might not ? what by me is told,
In your imagination hold :

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

This Stage, the Ship upon whose Decke,
The Seas tost Pericles, appears to speake.

Enter Pericles on Shipboord.

Per. The god of this great vast, rebuke these surges
Which wash both heaven and hell, and thou that hast
Vpon the windes command, binde them in Brasse,
Having cald them from the deepe, O still
Thy dearning dreadfull thunders, daily quench
Thy nimble sulphorous flashes : Oh how *Lichorida?*
How doe my Queene ? then storime venomously,
Wilt thou speat all thy selfe ? the Seamans whistle
Is a whisper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lichorida?* *Lucina*, oh !
Divinest patronesse, and my wife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy Deity
Aboard our dauncing Boat, made swift the pangs
Of my Queenes travails. Now *Lichorids.*

Enter Lychorida.

Lychor. Heere is a thing too yong for such a place,
Who if it had conceit, wold die, as I am like to do :
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.

Per. How ? how *Lychorida?*

Lychor. Patience good sir, doe not assist the storime,
Heere's all that is left living of your Queene ;
A little daughter, for the sake of it
Be manly and take comfort.

Per. O you gods !

Why doe you make us love your goodly gifts
And snatch them straight away ?
We here below ; recall hot what we give,
And therein may use honour with you.

Lychor. Patience good sir, even for this charge.

Per. Now milde may be thy life,
For a most blusterous bird hath never Babē :
Quiet and gentle thy condicions ;
For thou art the ruddiest welcome to this world,

That

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

That ever was Princes childe : happy what followes,
Thou hast as chiding a Nativity,
As Fire, Aire, Water, Earth, and heaven can make,
To harold thee from the wombe :
Even at the first; thy losse is more than can
Thy portage quite, with all thou canst finde here :
Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon it.

Enter two Saylor.

1. Saylor. What courage sir ? God save you.

Per. Courage enough, I doe not feare the flaw,
It hath done to me the worst : yet for the love
Of this poore infant, this fresh new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1. Saylor. Slacke the bolins there; thou wilt not wilt thou ?
Blow and split thy selfe.

2. Saylor. But sea-roome, and the brine and cloudy billow
kisse the Moone, I care not.

1. Saylor. Sir, your Queene must over board,
The sea workes hie, the winde is lowd,
And will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1. Pardon us sir; with us at Sea it hath beenē still observed,
And we are strong in Easterne, therefore briefly yeeld her.

Per. As you think meete, for she must ore boord straight,
Most wretched Queene.

Lychor. Heere she lies sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had (my deare)
No light, no fire, the unfriendly Elements
Forgot thee utterly, nor haye I time
To bring thee hallowd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee scarcely coffind, in oare,
Wherfore a Monument upon thy bones,
The ayre remaining lampes, the belching Whalē,
And humming water must ore-whelme thy corpes,
Lying with simple shels : Oh Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me Spices, Inke and Paper,
My Casket and my Jewels, and bid Nicander

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Bring me the Sattin Coffin ; lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow ; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her : sodainely, woman.

1. Sir we have a Chest beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.

Per. I thanke thee : Mariner say, what Coast is this ?

2. We are neere *Tharsus*.

Per. Thither gentle Marriner,

Alter thy course for *Tyre* : when canst thou reach it ?

2. By breake of day , if the winde cease.

Per. O make for *Tharsus*,

There will I visite *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus* ; there Ile leave it
At carefull nursing : goe thy wyes good Marriner,
Ile bring the body presently.

Exit.

Enter Lord Cerymon with a servant.

Cer. Phylemon, hoc.

Enter Phylemon.

Phyl. Doth my Lord call ?

Cer. Get fire and meate for these poore men,
It hath beene a turbulent and stormy night.

Ser. I have heene in many ; but such a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured.

Cer. Your Master will be dead eare you returne,
Ther's nothing can be ministred to nature,
That can recover him : give this to the Apothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent. Good morrow.

2. Gent. Good morrow to your Lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen, why doe you stirre so early ?

1. Gent. Sir, our lodgings standing bleeke upon the sea,
Shooke as if the earth did quake :

The very principles did seeme to rend and all to topple,
Pure surprize and feare, made me to leave the house.

2. Gent.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

2. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early,
Tis not our busbndry.

Cer. O you say well.

1. Gent. But I much marvaile that your Lordship
Having rich attire about you, should at these early houres
Shake off the golden slumber of repose; tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with paine,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I hold it ever Vertue and Cunning.
Were endowments greater, than Noblenesse and Riches,
Carelesse heires may the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a Man a God:

Tis knowne, I ever have studied Physicke,
Through which secret Art, by turning ore Authority,
I have together with my practis^e, made familiar
To me and to my aide, the best infusions that dwells
In Veginives, in Mettals, Stones: and can speake of the
Disturbances that Nature workes, and of her cures;
Which doth give me a more content in course of true delight
Then to be thirsty after tottering Honour,
Or tie my pleasures up in silken Bags,
To please the Foole and Death.

2. Gent. Your honour hath through Ephesus,
Powered forth your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your Creatures; who by you have beene restored,
And not your knowledge, your personall paine,
But even your purse still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renowne, as never shall decay.

Enter two or three with a Chest.

Ser. So, lift there.

Cer. What's that?

Ser. Sir, even now did the sea tosse up upon our shor^e
This Chest; tis of some wracke.

Cer. Set it downe, let us looke upon it.

2. Gent. Tis like a Coffin, sir.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Cer. What ere it be, tis wondrous heavy ;
Wrench it open straight :
If the seas stomacke be ore-charg'd with gold,
Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches upon us.

2. Gent. Tis so, my Lord.

Cer. How close tis caulk'd and bottom'd, did the sea cast it up?

Ser. I never saw so huge a billow sir, as tost it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open ; it smels sooth sweetly in my sence.

2. Gent. A delicate Odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostrill : so up with it.

Oh you most potent gods ! what's heare, a Coarse ?

2. Gent. Most strange.

Cer. Shrowded in cloth of state, balmd and entreasured
With full bags of spices, a Pasport to Apollo,
Perfect me in the Characters.

Here I give to understand,
If ere this Coffin drive a land ;
I King Pericles have lost.
This Queen, worth all our mundaine cost ;
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a King.
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods require his charissie.

If thou livest Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even crackes for woe this chanc'd to night.

2. Gent. Most likely Sir.

Cer. Nay certainly to night, for looke how fresh she lookes,
They were too rough, that threw her in the sea.
Make a fire within, fetch hither all my boxes in my Closet,
Death may usurpe on Nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle againe the ore-prest spirits.
I heard of an Egyptian that had nine hours bee[n] dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well said, well said, the fire and cloathes,

The rough and wofull musicke that we have,
Cause it to sound I beseech you :
The Viall once more ; how thou stirrest thou blocke ?
The musicke there : I pray you give her aire ;
Gentlemen this Queene will live,
Nature awakes a warme breath out of her ;
She hath not beene entranc'd aboue five houres,
See how shee gins to blow into lifes flower againe.

1. Gent. The heavens through you, encrease our wonder,
And sets up your fame for ever.

Cer. Shee is alive, behold her eye-lids,
Cases to those heavenly jewels which *Pericles* hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
The Diamonds of a mōlē praised water doth appeare,
To make the world twice rich, live, and make us weepe,
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you seeme to be.

Shee moves.

Tha. O deare *Diana*, where am I ? where's my Lord ?
What world is this ?

2. Gent. Is not this strange ?

1. Gent. Most rare.

Cer, Hush (my gentle neighbour) lend me your hands,
To the next chamber beare her, get linnen ;
Now this matter must be lookt too, for the relapse
Is mortall : come, come, and *Esculapius* guide us.

They carry her away.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter *Pericles* at *Tharsus*, with *Cleon*, and *Dianizia*.

Per. Most honord Cleon, I must needs be gone.
My twelve months are expirde, and *Tyre* stands,
In a peace : you and your Lady take from my heare
All thankefulnesse, The gods make up the rest upon you.

Cleon. Your shakes of fortune, though they haunt you
Mortally, yet glance full wondringly on us.

Dian. O your sweet Queene ! that the strict fates had pleased
You had brought her hither to have blest mine eyes with her.

Per. We cannot but obey the powers above us :

Could

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Could I rage and roar as doth the sea she lies in,
Yet the end must be as tis : my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom (for she was borne at Sea) I have named so,
Here, I charge your charitie with all ; leaving her
The infant of your care, beseeching you to give her
Princely training, that she may be mannered as she is borne.

Cleon. Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Country with your Corne ; for which,
The peoples prayers daily fall upon you, must in your child
Be thought on, if neglect should therein make me vile,
The common body by you reliev'd,
Would force me to my duty : but if to that,
My nature neede a spurre, the Gods revenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation.

Per. I beleive you, your honour and your goodneſſe,
Teach me tooſt without your vowes, till ſhe be married,
Madame, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All unſtirred ſhall this heire of mine remaine,
Though I ſhew will in't ; ſo I take my leave :
Good Madame, make me blessed, in your care
In bringing up my childe.

Dion. I have one my ſelfe, who ſhall not be more deere to my
reſpect then yours, my Lord.

Per. Madame, my thankes and prayers.

Cleon. We'll bring your Grace to the edge of the ſhore, then
give you up to the masked *Neptune*, and the gentleſt windes of
heaven.

Per. I will embrace your offer, come dearest Madame,
On no teares *Lychorida*, no teares, looke to your little Miftres, on
whofe grace you may depend hereafter : come my Lord.

Enter Cerymon and Thaisa

Cer. Madame, this Letter, and ſome certaine Jewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command :
Know you the Character ?

Thaisa. It is my Lords, that I was ſhipt at ſea, I will remember,
even on my learning time : but whether there delivered, by the
holy

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

holy gods, I cannot rightly say: but since King *Pericles* my wedded Lord, I neere shall see againe, a vastall livery will I take me to, and never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speake,
Dianas Temple is not distant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Moreover if you please, a Neece of mine,
Shall there attend you.

Thas. My recompence is thankes, that's all,
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

Exe.

Enter Gower.

Gower. I imagine *Pericles* arride at *Tyre*,
Welcomd and setted to his owne desire;
His woefull *Queene* we leave at *Ephesus*,
Vnto *Diana* there's a Votarisse,
Now to *Marina* bend your minde,
Whom our fast growing scene must finde
At *Tharsus*, and by *Cleon* traind
In musickes letters, who hath gайд
Of education all the grace
Which makes hie both the art and place
Of generall wonder: but alacke
That monster Envy oft the wracke
Of earned praise, *Marinas* life
Seeke to take off by treasons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Even ripe for marriage sight: this Maid
Hight *Philoten*: and it is said
For certaine in our story, she
Would ever with *Marina* be,
Beet when they weavde the fleded silke,
With fingers long, small, white as milke,
Or when she would with sharpe needle wound,
The Cambricke which she made more sound
By hurting it, or when too th' Lute
She sung and made the night bed mute.

F

Thas.

Pericles Prince of Tyre

That still records within one, or when
She would with rich and constant pen,
Vaile to her Mistresse *Dian* still,
This *Phyloren* contends in skill
With absolute *Morina*: so
The Dove of *Paphos*, might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All praises, which are paide as debts;
And not as given, this so darkes
In *Phyloten*, all gracefull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with envie rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter
Might stand peerelesse by this slaughter?
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida our Nurse is dead,
And cursed *Dionizia* hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow, the unborne event,
I do commend to your content,
Only I carried winged *Time*,
Poste on the lame feete of my rime,
Which never could I so convey,
Vnlesse your thoughts went on my way.
Dionizia doth appeare,
With *Leonise* a murderer.

Exit.

Enter Dionizia and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou hast sworne to do it, tis but a
blow, which never shall be knowne, thou canst not do a thing in
the world so soone, to yeeld thee so much profite, let not conscience
which is but cold, in flaming thy love bosome, enflame
too nicely; nor let pitty, which even women have cast off, melt
thee, but be a souldiour to thy purpose.

Leon. I will doo't but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her,
Here she comes weeping for her onely Mistresse death;

Thou

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter Marina with a basket of Flowers.

Mar. No, I will robbe *Tellus* of her weede, to strew thy
greene with Flowers: the yellowes, blewes, the purple, Vio-
lets and Marigolds, shall as a Carpet hang upon thy grave,
while Summer dayes doth last. Aye me poore maide, borne in
a tempest, when my mother dide: this world to me is like a
lasting storme, hurrying me from my friends.

Dion. How now *Marina*? why de'ye weepe alone?
How chancē my daughter is not with you?
Doe not consume your bloud with sorrowing,
You have a Nurse of me. Lord how your favo're's
Chang'd with this unprofitable woe:
Come give me your flowers, ere the sea marre it,
Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomacke;
Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

Mar. No I pray you, Ile not bereave you of your servant!

Dion. Come, come, I love the King your father, and your
selfe, with more than forraine heart; we every day expect him
here, when he shall come and finde our Paragon, to all reports
thus blasted. Hee will repent the breadth of his great Voyagē,
blame both my Lord and mee, that wee have taken no care to
your best courtes. Go I pray you, walke and be chearefull once
againe; reserve that excellent complexion, which did steale the
eyes of young and old,

Care not for me, I can goe home alone.

Mar. Well, I will goe, but yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you:
Walke halfe an houre *Leonine*, at the least.

Remember what I have said.

● *Leon.* I warrant you Madam.

Dion. He leave you my sweet Lady, for a while: pray walke
softly, doe not heate your bloud; What, I must have a care of
you.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Mar. My thankes sweet Madame. Is the winde Westerly that blowes?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was borne, the winde was North.

Leon. What so?

Mar. My father, as Nurse saith, did never feare, but cried good sea-men to the Saylers, galling his Kingly hands hailing ropes, and clasping to the Mast, endured a sea that almost burst the decke.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was borne, never was waves nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, washes off a canvas clymer, ha, saith one, wile out? and with a dropping industry they skip from sterne to sterne: the Boat-swaine whistles, and the Master calls a 'trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What meane you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer, I grant it, pray, but be not tedious, for the gods are quicke of care, and I am sworne to doe my worke with haste.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfie my Lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kild now? as I can remember by my troth, I never did her hurt in all my life, I never spake bad word, nor did ill turne to any living creature: belevete me now, I never kild a Mouse, nor hurt a Flie: I trod upon a worme once against my will, but I wept for it. How have I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her any profit, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commission is not to reason of the deed, but doo't.

Mar. You will not doo't for all the world, I hope: you are well favoured, and your looks fore-shew you have a very gentle heart, I saw you lately when you caught hurt in parting two that fought: good-sooth it shewd well in you, doe so now: your Lady seekes my life, come you betweene, and save poore me the weaker.

Leon. I am sworne, and will dispatch.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Enter Pirates.

Pirat. 1. Hold villaine.

Pirat. 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat. 3. Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets have her aboard sodainly.

Exit.

Enter Leonine.

Leon. These roguing theves serve the great Pyrate *Valdes*, and they have seized *Marina*, let her goe, there's no hope shee will returne: He sweare shee's dead, and throwne into the sea, but He see further, perhaps they will but please themselves upon her, not carry her aboard, if she remaine, Whom they have ravisht, must by me be slaine.

Exit.

Enter the three Bauds.

Pander, Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the market narrowly, *Metaline* is full of gallants, wee lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchleffe.

Baud. We were never so much out of creatures, we have but poore three, and they can do no more than they can do, and they with continuall action, are even as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore lets have fresh ones what ere we pay for them, if there be not a conscience to be usde in every trade, wee shall never prosper.

Baud. Thou faist true, tis not our bringing up of poore bastards, as I thinke I have brought some eleven.

Boult. I to eleven, and brought them downe againe, But shall I search the market?

Baud. What else man? the stiffe we have, a strong wind will blow it to peeces, they are so pittifullly sodden.

Pander. Thou faist true, there's two unwholsome in conscience, the poore *Transilvanian* is dead that lay with the little baggedge.

Boult. I, she quickly poupt him, shee made him roast-meare

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

for wormes, but Ile goe search the market.

Exit.

Pand. Three are foure thousand Chickeens were as prettē a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Baud. Why, to give over I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. Oh our credit comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could picke up some pretty estate, t'were not amisse to keepe our doore hatch'd; besides, the sore termes wee stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving ore.

Baud. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we, I, and better too, we offend worse, neither is our profession any Trade, it's no calling: but here comes *Boult.*

Enter Boult with the Pirats and Marina.

Boult. Come your wayes my masters, you say she's a virgin? *Say!* Osir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this peecē you see, If you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Baud. Boult, ha's she any qualities?

Boult. Shee ha's a good face, speakes well, and ha's excellent good cloathes: there is no farther necessitie of qualities can make her be refus'd.

Baud. What's her price *Boult*?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand peecēs.

Pand. Well, follow me my masters, you shall have your money presently: wife take her in, instruct her what she has to do that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

Baud. *Boult,* take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry; He that will give most, shall have her first. Such a maiden-head were no cheape thing, if men were as they have been: Get this done as I commandyou.

Boult. Performance shall follow.

Mar. Alacke that *Leonine* was so slacke, so slow: He should have strucke, not spoke;

Exit.

Or

Pericles Prince of Tyre,

Or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous,
Had not ore-boord throwne me, for to seeke my mother?

Baud. Why weepe you pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Baud. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Baud. You are light into my hands,
Where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault, to scape his hands,
Where I was like to die.

Baud. I, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Baud. Yes indeede shall you, and taste Gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions: what de'ye stop your eares?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Baud. What would you have me to be, if I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Baud. Marry whip thee Goling: I think I shall something to do with you. Come, ye'are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have ye.

Mar. The gods defend me.

Baud. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feede you, men must stirre you up: Boult's return'd.

Enter Boult.

Now sir, hast thou cride her through the Market?

Boult. I have cride her almost to the number of her haires, I have drawne her picture with my voyce.

Baud. And prethee tell me, how dost thou finde the inclination of the people, especially of the yonger sort?

Boult. Faith they listend to me, as they would have hearkned to their fathers Testament. There was a Spaniards mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Baud. Wee shall have him here to morrow with his best traffic on.

Boult.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Boul. To night, to night, but Mistresse, doe you know the French Knight that cowres i'th arms?

Baud. Who Mourfier Verollus?

Boul. I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but hee made a grone at it, and swore he wold see her to morrow.

Baud. Well, well, as for him he brought his disease hither, here he doth but repaire it, I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the Sunne.

Boul. Well, if we had of every Nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this signe.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you have Fortunes comming upon you, marke me, you must seeme to doe that seafely, which you commit willingly, despise profit, where you have most gaine, to weepe that you live as you doe, makes pitty in your lovers feldome, but that pitty begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profitte.

Mari. I understand you not.

Boul. O take her home Mistresse, take her home, these blushes of hers must be quencht with some present practise.

Mari. Thou faist true yfaith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boul. Faith some do, and some do not, but Mistresse, if I have bargained for the joynet.

Baud. Thou maist cut a morfell off the spit?

Boul. I may so.

Baud. Who should deny it?

Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boul. I by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Baud. Boul, spend thou that in the Towne, report what a sojourner we have, you'l lose nothing by custome. When Nature framed this pecece, she meant thee a good turne, therefore say what a paragon shee is, and thou hast the harwest out of thine owne report.

Boul. I warrant you Mistresse, thunder shall not so awake the beds of Ecles, as my giving out her beauty, stirs up the lewdly crew, Ile bring home some to night.

Baud.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Baud. Come your wayes, follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharpe, or waters deepe,
Vntide I stll my virgin knot will keepe.

Diana aide my purpose.

Baud. What have wee to doe with *Diana*? pray you goe
with us.

Exit.

Enter Cleon and Dionizia.

Dion. Why are you foolish, can it be undone?

Cleon. O *Dionizia*, such a peece of slaughter,
The Sunne and Moone nere lookt upon.

Dion. I thinke you'l turne a childe againe.

Cleon. Where I chiefe Lord of all this spacious world, Ide
give it to undo the deed. Oh Lady, much lesse in bloud than ver-
tue, yet a Princesse to equall any singe Crowne of the earth, in
the justice of compare. O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou hast poi-
soned too, if thou hadst drunke to him, it had beene a kindnesse
becoming well thy face, what canst thou say, when Noble
Pericles shall demande his childe?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates to foster it,
nor ever to preserve, she dide at night, Ile say so, who can crosse
it, unlesse you play the Innocent: and for an honest attribute, cry
out shee dide by foule play.

Cleon. O go too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the hea-
vens, the gods doe like this worst.

Dionizia. Be one of those that thinkes the pretty wrens of
Tharsus will stlie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do shame to
thinke of what a Noble straine you are, and of how coward a
spirit.

Cleon. To such proceeding, who ever, but his approbation
added, though not his whole consent, he did not flow from ho-
nourable courses.

Dionizia. Be it so then, yet none doth know but you how
she came dead, nor none can know *Leonine* being gone. Shee
did

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

did disdaine my childe, and stoode betweene her and her fortunes : none would looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Mari-*
nas face whilst ours was blurred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my course unnaturall, you not your childe well loving, yet I finde it greets me as an enterprize of kindenesse, perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say ? we wept after her hearse, and yet we mourne : her monument is almost finished, and her Epitaph in glittering golden charracters, expresse a generall praise to her, and care in us, at whose expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, dost with thy Angels face,
Ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth sware to the gods, that Winter kills the flies,
But yet I know, you'll do as I advise.

Exit.

Enter Gower.

This time we waste, and longest leagues make short,
Saile seaces in Cockels, have and wish but fort :
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, region to region.
By you being pard'ned, we commit no crime
To use one Language, in each severall clime,
Where our scenes seeme to live. I do beseech you
To learne of me, who stands in gaps to teach you.
The stages of our story *Pericles*,
Is now againe thwarting the wayward seas ;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
To see his Daughter, all his lives delight.
Old *Hellicanus* goes along behinde,
Is left to governe it : you beare in minde
Old *Escenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate.

Well

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Well sayling ships, and bounteous windes have brought
This King to *Tharsus*, thinke this Pilate thought
So with his sterage, shall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone
Like moates and shadowes, see them move a while,
Your eares unto your eyes Ile reconcile.

Enter *Pericles* at one doore, with all his traine, *Cleon* and *Dinozis*
at the other. *Cleon* shewes *Pericles* the toombe, whereas *Pericles*
makes lamentation, puts on facke-cloth, and in a mighty passion
departs.

Gower. See how beleefe may suffer by fowle shew,
This borrowed passion stands for true old woe :
And *Pericles* in sorrow all devout'd,
With sighes shot through, and biggelt teares ore-showrd.
Leaves *Tharsus*, and againe imbarks, he swarees
Never to wash his face, nor cut his haire,
He put on sackcloth and to sea he beares,
A tempest which his mortall vessell teares.
And yet he rides it out. Now take we our way
To the Epitaph for *Marina*, write by *Dionizis*.

The fairest sweetest, and best lies here,
Who withered in her spring of yeares.
She was of *Tyrus* the Kings Daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter :
Marina was she call'd, and at her birth,
That is being proud, swallowed some part of th' earth.
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,
Hath *Thetis* birth-child on the heavens bestowed.
Wherefore she does and swarees shee'l never flint,
Make raging Battie upon shores of flint.

No vizor does become blacke villany,
So well as soft and tender flattery :
Let *Pericles* beleeve his daughter's dead,
And beare his courses to be ordered.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

By Lady *Fortune*, while our steare must play,
His daughter woe and heavie well-aday.
In her anholie service : Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Metaline*.

Exit.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Did you ever heare the like ?
2. *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.
1. *Gent.* But to have divinity preacht there, did you ever dreame of such a thing ?
2. *Gent.* No, no, come, I am for no more bawdy houses, shall we go heare the *Vestals* sing ?
1. *Gent.* Ile doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for ever.

Exit.

Enter the three Bands.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had never come here.

Band Fie, fie upon her, she is able to frieze the god *Priapus*, and undoe a whole generation, we must either get her ravisht, or be rid of her, when she should do for clyents her fitment, and do me the kindnesse of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees, that shee would make a puritane of the devill, if he should cheapen a kisse of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'l disfurnish us of all our Cavaleers, and make our swearers Priests.

Pand. Now the poxe upon her greene sicknesse for me.

Band. Faith there's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the poxe. Here comes the Lord *Lyfimachus* disguised.

Boult. We should have both Lord and Lowne, if the peevish baggedge would but give way to customers.

Enter Lyfimachus.

Lys. How now, how a dozen of virginities ?

Band. Now the gods to blesse your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Lys. You may so, tis the better for you, that your resorters stand upon sound legs, how now? wholesome impunity have you, that a man may deale withall, and defie the Chirurgion?

Band. We have one here sir if she would —
But there never came her like in Metaline.

Lys. If shee'd doe the deede of darknes thou wouldst say.

Band. Your honour knowes what tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Band. For flesh and bloud sir, white and red, you shall see a Rose, and she were a Rose indeed, if she had but —

Lys. What prethee?

Band. O sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renowne of a Band, no lesse then it gives a good report to a number to be chalst.

Enter Marina.

Band. Here comes that which growes to the stalke,
Never pluckt yet I can assure you.
Is she not a faire creatur?

Lys. Faith she would serve after a long voyage at sea,
Well, there's for you, leave us.

Band. I beseech your honour give me leave a word,
And Ile have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you do.

Band. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I desire to finde him so, that I may worthily note him.

Band. Next, hee's the Governor of this Country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he governe the Country, you are bound to him indeed, but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Band. Pray you without any more virginall fencing, will you use him kindly? he will line your Apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankefullly receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Band. My Lord, shee's not pac'te yet, you must take some paines to worke her to your mannage, come, wee will leave his Honour and her together.

Exit Band.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Lys. Now pritty one, how long have you beeene at this trade?

Mar. What trade sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name, but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you beeene of this profession?

Mar. Ere since I can remember.

Lys. Did you goe too't so yong, were you a gamster at fire, or at seaven?

Mar. Earlier too sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Doe you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I heare say you are of honourable parts, and the Governoour of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your Principall made knowne unto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my Principall?

Lys. Why your hearbe woman, she that sets seeds and rootes of shame and iniquity: Oh you have heard some-thing of my power,, and so stand aloft for more serious wooing, but I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else looke friendly upon thee; come bring me to some private place, come, come.

Mar. If you were borne to honour, shew it now, if put upon you, make the judgement good, that thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this? some more, be sage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though most ungentle Fortune have plac'd me in this Stie, where since I came, diseases have beeene sold dearer than Physicke, O that the gods would set me free from this unhallowed place, though they did change me to the meaneest bird that flies i'th purer aire.

Lys. I did not thinke thou couldst have spoke so well, I nere dreampst thou couldst; had I brought hither a corrupted minde, thy speech had altered it, hold heere's gold for thee, persevere in that cleare way thou goest, and the gods strengthen thee.

Mar.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Mar. The good gods preserve you.

Ly. For my part, I came with no ill intent, for to me the very doores and windowes favour viley, fare thee well, thou art a peece of vertue, and I doubt not but thy training hath bin Noble, hold, heere's more gold for thee, a curse upon him, dye hee like a theefe, that robs thee of thy goodnesse, if thou dost heare from me, it shall be for thy good.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one peece for me.

Ly. Avant thou damned doore-keeper, your house but for this virgin that doth prop it, would sinke and over-whelme you. Away.

Boult. How's this? we must take another course with you? if your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakFAST in the cheapest Country under the coape, shall undoe a whole household, let me be gelded like a Spaniell, come your wayes.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your mayden-head taken off, or the common hang-man shall execute it, come your way, wee'll have no more gentlemen driven away, come your wayes I say.

Enter Bands.

Baud. How now, what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse Mistris, shee hath heere spoken holy words to the Lord *Lyfimachus*.

Baud O abominable.

Boult. He makes our profession as it were to stinke before the face of the gods.

Baud. Marry hang her up for ever.

Boult. The Nobleman would have dealt with her like a Nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a Snow-ball, saying his prayers too.

Baud. *Boult*, take her away, use her at thy pleasure, cracke the glasse of her virginity, and make the rest male-able.

Boult. And if she were a thornier peece of ground than shee is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Harke, harke, you gods.

Baud. She conjures away with her, would she had never come within

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

within my doore's, Marry hang you, shee's borne to undo us, will you not go the way of women-kinde? Marry come up my dish of Charity, with rosemary and bayes.

Exit.

Bontr. Come Mistresse, come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Bontr. To take from you the jewell you hold so deare.

Mar. Prethee tell me one thing first.

Bontr. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thy enemy to be?

Bontr. Why I could wish him to be my Master, or rather my Mistris.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they doe better thee in their command; thou holdst a place, for which the painedst fiend in hell would not in reputation change: thou art the damned doore-keeper to every cusherell that comes enquiring for his Tib; to the cholericke fisting of every rogue, thy eare is liable, thy food is such as hath beene belcht on by infested lungs.

Bontr. What would you have me do? goe to the wars, would you, where a man may serve 7. yeares for the losse of a leg, and have not mony enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Doe any thing but this thou dost, empty old receptacles, or common-shores of filth; serve by Indenture to the common hangman, any of these wayes are yet better than this: for what thou professest, a Baboone could he speake, would owne a name too deare: Oh, that the gods would safely deliver me from this place: here, here's gold for thee, if that thy Master will gaine by mee, proclaime that I can sing, weave, sowe, and dance, with other vertues which Ile keep from boast, and will undertake all these to teach, I doubt not but this populous Citié will yeld many schollers.

Bontr. But can you teach all this you speake of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home againe, and prostitute me to the basest groome that doth frequent your house.

Bontr. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Bontr.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Bard. Faith any acquaintance lyes little among them ; but since my master and mistris hath bought you, there's no going but by their consent : therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall finde them tractable enough. Come, Ile doe for thee what I can, come your wayes.

Exenter.

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the Brothell scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story saies ;
She sings like one immortall, and she dances
As Godesse-like to her admired laies :
Deepe Clearks she dumbs, and with her needle composes
Natures owne shape, of bud, bird, branch or berry,
That even her art, listers the naturall Roses,
Her Inkle, Silke, Twine, with the rubied Cherry,
That puples lackes she none of noble race,
Who powre their bounti on her, and her gaine
She gives the cursed Baud. Leave we her place,
And to her Father turne our thoughts againe,
Where we left him at sea, tumbled and tost,
And driven before the winde, he is arruide
Heere where his daughter dwels, and on this Coast,
Suppose him now at Anchor : the Cittie striude
God *Neptunes* annuall feast to keepe, from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimd with rich expence,
And to him in his Barge with fervour hyes.
In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke,
Where what is done in action (more if might)
Shall be discovered, please you sit and harke.

Exit.

Enter Hellenicus, to him two Saylars.

1. *Sayl.* Where is the Lord *Hellenicus*? he can resolve you.
O he he is sit, there is a Barge putt off from *Mesaline*, and in it
is *Lysimachus* the Governor, who craves to come aboard, what
is your will?

H

Hell.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Hell. That he have his, call up some gentlemen.

2 Sayl. Ho Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. Gent. Doth your Lordship call?

Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard,
I pray you greet them fairely.

Enter Lysimachus.

1. Sayl. Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would, re-
solve you.

Lys. Haile reverent sir, the gods preserve you.

Hell. And you to out-live the age I am, and die as I would
doe.

Lys. You wish me well being on shore, honouring of *Neptunes* triumph, seeing this goodly vessell ride before us, I made
to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the Governor of this place you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our vessel's of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for
this three moneths hath not spoken to any one, nor taken suste-
nance, but to prolong his griefe.

Lys. Upon what ground is this distemperance?

Hell. It would be too tedious to repeate, but the maine griefe
springs from the losse of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hell. You may, but bootlesse is your sight, he will not speake
to any.

Lys. Let me obtaine my wish.

Hell. Behold him, this was a goodly person, til the disaster that
one mortall weight drove him to this.

Lys. Sir King, all haile, the gods preserve you, haile royll
Sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

Lord. Sir, we have a maid in *Metaline*, I durst wager would
win some words of him.

Lys. Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweete
harmony, and other choien attractions, would allure and make a
barrie through his defended parts, which now are mid-way

stop,

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Stop, she is all happy, as the fairest of all, and her fellow maides,
now upon the levie shelter that abuts against the Islands side.

Hell. Sure all effectlesse, yet nothing wee'l omit that beares
recoveries name. But since your kindnesse we have stretcht thus
farre, let us beseech you, that for our gold we may have provisi-
on, wherein we are not destitute for want, but weary for the
stalenesse.

Lys. O sir, a courtesie, which if we should deny, the most just
God for every graffe would send a Caterpiller, and so inflict
our Province : yet once more let mee intreate to know at large
the cause of your Kings sorrow.

Hell. Sir, sir, I will recount it to you ; but see, I am prevented.

Enter Marina.

Lys. O hee's the Lady that I sent for.

Welcome faire one : Is't not a goodly present ?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Lady.

Lys. Shee's such a one, that were I well assurde,
Come of a gentle kinde, and noble stocke,
Idc wish no better choise, and think me rarely wed,
Faire and all goodnesse that consitts in beauty,
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient,
If that thy properous and artificiall fate,
Can draw him but to answer thee in ought,
Thy sacred Physicke shall receive such pay,
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sit, I will use my uttermost skill in his recovery, provi-
ded, that none but I and my companion maide be suffered to
come neere him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her, and the gods make her prospe-
rous.

The Song.

Lys. Markt he your Musick ?

Mar. No, nor lookt on us.

Lys. See, she will speake to him.

Mar. Haile sir, my Lord, lend eare.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lord, that nere before invited eyes, bat
have beene gazed on like a Comet : she speakes my Lord, that

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

may be, hath endured a grieve might equall yours, if both were justly weighed, though wayward fortune did maligne my state, my derivation was from ancestors who stood equivolet with mighty Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world and aukward casualties, bound me in servitude, I will desist, but there is something gloues upon my cheeke, and whispers in mine eare, Goe not till he speake,

Per. My fortunes, parentage, good parentage to equall mine; was it not thus, what say you?

Mar. I said, My Lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not doe me violence.

Per. I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes upon me, y'are like some-thing that, what Countrey-woman heare of these shewes?

Mar. No, nor of any shewes, yet I was mortally brought forth, and am no other than I appere.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping: my dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one my daughter might have beene: my Queenes square browes, her stature to an inch, as wand-like strait, as silver voyc'st, her eyes as jewell-like, and cast as richly, in pace another *Inno*. Who starves the eares she feedes, and makes them hungry, the more she gives them speech; where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger, from the decke you may discerne the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchiev'd you these endowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If i should tell my history, it would seeme like lies disdained in the reporting.

Per. Prethee speake, falsenesse cannot come from thee, for thou lookest modest as justice, and thou seemst a *Pallas* for the crownd truth to dwell in, I will beleive thee, and make my sentences credit thy relation, to points that seeme impossible, for thou lookst like one I loved indeed; what were thy friends? Didst thou not stay when I did push thee backe, which was when I perceiud thee that thou cam'st from good dissent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per.

Petrius Prince of Tyre.

Per. Report thy parentage, I thinke thou saidst thou hadst
beene lost from wrong to injury, and that thou thoughts thy
griefes might equall mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing I said, and said no more, but what my
thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story, if thine confidered prove the thousand
part of my endurance, thou art a man, and I have suffered like a
gyrle, yet thou dost looke like patience, gazing on Kings graves,
and smiling extremity out of act, what were thy friends? how
lost thou thy name, my most kinde virgin? recount I do beseech
thee, Come sit by me.

Mar. My name is *Marina*.

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by some insenced god sent
hither to make the world to laugh me.

Mar. Patience good sir, or here ile cease.

Per. Nay ile be patient, thou little knowst how thou doest
startle me, to call thy selfe *Marina*.

Mar. The name was given me by one that had some power,
my father and a King.

Per. How, a Kings daughter, and cald *Marina*?

Mar. You said you would beleive me, but not to be a trou-
ble of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and bloud?

Have you a working pulse, and are no Fairy?
Motion well speake on, where were you borne?
And wherefore cald *Marina*?

Mar. Cald *Marina*, for I was borne at sea.

Per. At sea! who was thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the Daughrer of a King, who died the
minute I was borne, as my good Nurse *Lychorida* hath oft deli-
vered weeping.

Per. O stop there a little, this is the rarest dreame
That ere dull sleepe did mocke sad fooles withall,
This cannot be my daughter, buried, wel, where were you bred?
Ile heare you more to the bottome of your story, and never in-
terrupt you.

Mar. You scorne, beleive me twere best I did give ore.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Per. I will beleevē you by the syllables of what you shall deliver, yet give me leave, how came you in these parts ? where were you bred ?

Mar. The King my Father did in *Tharsus* leave me, Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife, Did seeke to murther me : and having wooed a villaine To attempt it, who having drawne to doo't, A crew of Pirats came and rescued me, Brought me to *Metalline*.

But good sir, whether will you have me ? why do you weepe ? It may be you thinke me an imposture, no good faith, I am the daughter to King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Hoe, *Hellicanus* ?

Hell. Cals my Lord ?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble Counsellor, Most wise in generall, tell me if thou canst, what this maide is, Or what is like to be, that thus hath made we weepe ?

Hell. I know not, but heres the Regent sir of *Metalline*, speaks nobly of her.

Lyf. She never would tell her parentage, Being demanded that, she would sit still and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me honored sir, give me a gash, put me to present paine, least this great sea of joyes rushing upon me, ore-beare the shores of my mortallity, and drowne me with their sweetnesse : Oh come hither, Thou that begest him that did thee beget, Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*, And found at sea againe : O *Hellicanus*, Downe on thy knees, thanke the holy gods, as loud As thunder threatens us ; this is *Marina*. What was thy mothers name ? tell me but that, For truth can never be confirm'd enough, Though doubts did ever sleepe.

Mar. First sir, I pray what is your Title ?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell me now my Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you said, Thou hast beeene god-like perfect, the heire of Kingdomes,

And

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

And another like to *Pericles* thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than to say, my Mothers name was *Thaisa*? *Thaisa* was my mother, who did end the minute I began.

Per. Now blessing on thee, rise thou art my childe. Give me fresh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, she is not dead at *Tharsus*, as she should have bee by savage *Cleon*, she shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneele, and justifie in knowledge, she is thy very Prince; who is this?

Hell. Sir, tis the Governor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholy, did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, give me my robes; I am wilde in my beholding. Oh heaven blefie my gyrtle. But harke, what Musicks this *Hellicanus*? my *Marina*, Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seemes to dote, How sure you are my daughter; but where's this musicke?

Hell. My Lord, I heare none.

Per. None? the Musicke of the spheares, list my *Marina*.

Lys. It is not good to croisse him, give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds, do ye not heare?

Lys. Musicke my Lord, I heare?

Per. Most heavenly musicke, It nips me unto listening, and thicke slumber Hangs upon mine eyes, let me rest.

Lys. A pillow for his head, so leave him all.

Well my companion friends, if this but answer to my just be- liefe, Ile well remember you.

Diane.

Diana. My Temple stands in *Ephesus*,

Hie thee thither, and doe upon mine Alter sacrifice. There when my maiden Priets are met together, before all the people revele how thou at sea didst lose thy wife, to mourne thy crosses with thy daughters call, and give them repetition to the like, or performe my bidding, or thou livest in woe: doo't, and happy by my silver bow; awake and tell thy dreame.

Per. Celestiall *Dian*, Goddess Argentine, I will obey thee: *Hellicanus*.

Hell. Sir

Per.

Per. My purpose was for *Tharsus*, there to strike
The inhospitable *Cleon*, but I am for other service first,
Toward *Ephesus* turne our blowne sayles,
Eftsoones Ile tell why, shall we refresh us sir upon your shore,
and give you gold for such provision as our intents will neede.

Lys. Sir with all my heart, and when you come a shore,
I have another sleight.

Per. You shall prevale, were it to woe my daughter, for
it seemes you have beene noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*.

Exeunt.

Enter *Gower*.

Now our sands are almost run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my last boone give me,
For such kindnesse must releeve mee :
That you aptly will suppose,
What Pageantry, what pheates, what shewes,
What Minstrelsie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*,
To greeete the King ; so he thrived,
That he is promised to be wived
To faire *Marina*, but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As *Dian* bad whereto being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefenesse sayles are fild,
And wishes fall out as thei'r wild
At *Ephesus* the Temple see,
Our King and all his company.
That he can hither come so soone,
Is by your fancies thankefull doome.

Exit.

Enter *Pericles, Lysimachus, Hellicanus, Marina, and others*.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy just command,
I here confesse my selfe the King of *Tyre*.

Who frighted from my Country did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
faine *Thaisa*, at sea in childbed died she, but brought forth a
Maid

Pericles Prince of Tyre. •

Maid childe called *Marina*, whom O Goddesse weares yet thy silver livery, she at *Tharsus* was nurst with *Cleon*, who at foorteenye years he sought to murder, but her better starres brought her to *Metalline*, gaist whose shore riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboord to us whereby her owne most cleare remembrance, she made knowne her selfe my daughter.

Th. Voyce and favour, you are, you are O royll *Pericles*.

Pe. What meanes the woman? she dyes, helpe Gentlemen.

Cer. Sir if you have told *Dianas* Alter-true, this is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no, I threw her over-boord with these very armes.

Cer. Vpon this Coast, I warrant you.

Per. Tis most certaine.

Cer. Looke to the Lady; O shee's but overjoyde, Earely in blustering morne, this Lady was throwne upon this shore. I opened the Coffin, found these rich jewels, recovered her, and placed her here in *Dianas* Temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house, whether I invite you, looke, *Thaisa* is recovered.

Thaisa. O let me looke if he be none of mine, my sanctity will to my fense bend no licentious eare, but curb it spight of seeing: O my Lord, are you not *Pericles*? like him you speake, like him you are: did you not name a tempest, a birth, and death?

Per. The voyce of dead *Thaisa*.

Thaisa. That *Thaisa* am I, supposed dead and drownd.

Per. Immortall *Dian*!

Thaisa. Now I know you better, when wee with teares parted *Pentapolis*, the King my Father gave you such a ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you gods, your present kindnesse makes my past miseries sport, you shall doe well that on the touching of her lips I may melt, and no more be seene; O come, be buried a second time within these armes.

Mar. My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers bosome.

Per. Looke who kneels here, flesh of thy flesh *Thaisa*, thy burden at the sea, and call'd *Marina*, for she was yeelded there.

Thaisa. Blest, and mine owne.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Hell. Haile Madam, and my Queene.

Thais. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say when I did fye from Tyre, I left behind an ancient substitute ; can you remember what I cald the man, I have namde him oft.

Thais. Twas *Hellicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, embrace him deare *Thaisa*, this is hee, now doe I long to heare how you were found ? how possibly preserved ? and who to thanke (besides the gods) for this great miracle ?

This. Lord *Cerimon* my Lord, this man through whom the gods shewne their power that can from first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverent Sir the gods can have no mortall officer more like a god than you, will you diliver how this dead Queenere lives ?

Cer. I will my Lord, beseech you first goe with me unto my house, where shall be showne you all was found with her, how she came plac't here in the temple, no needfull thing omitted

Per. Pure *Dian* blesse thee for thy vision, and will offer night oblations to thee ; *Thaisa* this Prince, the faire betrothed of your daughter, shall marry her at *Pentapolis*, and now this ornament that makes mee looke dismal, will I clip to forme, and what this fourteene yeares no razor toucht, to grace thy mariage day, Ile beautifie.

Thais. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit, Sir, my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him yet there my Queen, weeke celebrate their Nuptials, and our selves will in that Kingdome spend our following dayes ; our son and daughter shall in *Tyrus* reigne.

Lord *Cerimon*, we doe our longing stay,
To heare the rest untold, Sir, lead's the way.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter *Gower*.

In *Antiochus* and his daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous lust, the true and just reward :

In

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

In *Pericles*, his Queene and daughter seene,
Although assaylde with Fortune fierce and keene
Vertue preferd from fell destructions blast,
Led on by heaven, and crownd with joy at last.
In *Hellicanus* may you well descry,
A figure of truth, of faith of loyalty:
In reverend *Cerimon* there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye weares.
For wicked *Cleon* and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, the honord name
Of *Pericles*, to rage the City turne,
That him and his they in his Palace burnie:
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience ev ermore attending,
New joy waite on you, here our play hath ending.

FINIS.

